### SMITHERS HAS REVENGE. A FALLING OUT OF THIEVES AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

The Western Mine Owner's Visit to New York Disappearance of a Valuable Packet Gentleman George Cheats Ills Pal-Tragedy After the Booty Was Recovered.

Capt. Jack Jollings at length was in luck. Two English syndicates had bid eagerly for his rights in the famous gold mine, the Pride of million from one of them and was off to Chicago close the bargain. He was off in Chicago, too, for several days, on attemendous bender, which finally landed him broke at the office of Amos trane, the lawyer having the negotiations in charge. That worthy old gentleman shaking hand, but that damn-the-change manper so characteristic of himstill predominating. he signed without reading every paper put in front of him: and finally was constrained to the utterance of sound advice. He pointed out that the city of New York, to which the Captain must next proceed, was full of pitfalls for the unwary; that many of the privileges and options in the Captain's possession were unrecorded and that all of them would furnish much valuable information to the unsuccessful bidders, who had not shown themselves thus far at all scrupulous in their methods. He, therefore, entreated him to keep in the straight and nar-Fow path of sobriety and as a matter of caution to send the documents in the case on by express.

which they were offered; that is, with complete self-satisfaction and self-reliance. He had one-deliar bill on the top and on the bostom! been up against much stiffer games, he said, than any now running in that jay town. He had friends there, too, and he reeled off a list of picturesque names that caused the old lawyer to button his cost and look toward the police call with alarm. As for sending his vouchers by express, nixy' When they were with him he knew where they were, and he had that in one pocket which would protect them in another. So spoke the Captain, slapping his hip reassuringly and cooking his bat with an air deemed knowing west of the Rockies.

events, if you get into trouble, you will be in good. hands to get out of it again. My correspondent, Judge Josiah Marcellus, to whom this letter is iddressed, combines knowledge of the world with legal erudition to a most remarkable degree. He has in charge the final settlement of this transfer, and if you should fall among thieves, since you are so determined to walk among them, why, you may depend upon him not to pass by on the other side."

"I never pass myself," resoined the Captain, simply; "I call which I shall take pleasure in doing at the first opportunity.

Evidently this pleasure, like that derived from many another conventionality, was of the latent sort for, a week later, when Capt. Jack Jollings presented the note of introduction at the law office of Marcellus & Beavers, his goodly countenance wore an expression both woebegone and desperate.

Judge Marcellus brought his finger tips

together in a deliberate way as his visitor concipded his story, and announced his opinion as if from the bench, "Whether or not the people of the rival corporation were privy to this robbery," he began, "it is essential for us to observe the utmost privacy. In case they were, we do not want them to know that we realize the seriousness of our loss; in case they were not, we do not want to apprise them way of benefiting by it. This is clearly a private inquiry, requiring above all else celerity in recovering the papers. The matter is too vitally important to you for us to stop to con, sider the public interest, which er of course should be the first concern of all good citizens We must compromise with the scoundrels who beguiled you, paying them largely, if necessary, and leaving their punishment to the future, where it doubtless lies. I will call my confidential man at once." And without further ado, he touched the button on his desk and summoned Abe Cronkite, the former detective, to the inner office.

Capt. Jack looked the man over with bloodshot eyes.

"Shake." can see, to the core; and I'd stake my pile on so he telegraphed me from Philadelphia that you, if I hadn't lost it, like a tenderfoot trying | there was nothin' in it, and to meet them the his luck at monte for the first time. I'll tell next mornin' at the flat, well, knowin', too, you just how it was. We were swinging around damn him, that the jig was about up there. the curve of the Alleghany divide: perhaps | Well, it may be him, arter all, that will laugh on they got on at Altoona -I don't know; but there | the odder side of the jaw! You see, it will take she was in the section in front of me, as nifty a Gentleman George at least a day to size up female as you'd like to see, with a blue cloth where and how to use them papers to the best dress fitting like wall paper, and her yellow advantage, and by that time I'll be back with hair coiled under a bit of a bonnet, all spangles | him agin as if nothin' had happened. Jest give and ribbons and prickly-looking, feathers. She didn't notice me-no, siree-not by an eyelash, but kept reading away as if the train to pass that he'll learn the trut' of the old sayin' rushing one way and the green mountains that no man is too slick to be film-flammed!" sweeping the other and the glistening water below and the clear, blue sky above had all with Capt. Jack Jollings, somewhat subdued, been canned up and concentrated down into magazine slipped off her lap. Of course I of the rear room of the Gargoyle, keeping their sprang forward and picked it up, as any bang- tryst. From the crowd that surged restlessly up gent would, when, lo and behold you, there, | up and down the centre asse there came the as plain as carving on the outside cover, was glimmer of a red nose like a beacon of hope, her name writ. Janet Jollings Davenant! My and a slight, stoop-shouldered man glided heart gave a leap as it used to when I came home from boarding school as a boy and first saw the wellsweep from the hill; for Janet as he drew the lost package of papers from Jollings was my mother's name.

'Beg your pardon, Ma'am,' I says, and my voice sounded like riding over a corduroy bred!" cried the delighted Captain having road; 'that name Jollings is uncommon.'

"Boy root parties, Mana," I says, and my voice sained like riding over a cordured provided that in the control of the control

the good that a handful of chicken feed didn't says I, perducin' the package they had worked ount much either way, though they might have asked me for it, just the same-e. But while I was so considering there came a rumpus from the hallway and a regular hue and cry. Out dashed the installment men and secondhand dealers, as if an auction had just started, and back again in a jiffy, dragging a red-nosed, stoop-shouldered young man who looked as if he wished he wasn't there. My, but he was unpopular! One and all had it in for him. It was he who had got credit on all sorts of false preterrees; it was he who had queered the install-Colorado. He had accepted an offer of a mentmen and done up the second-hand dealers; it was he who had given a slick song and dance to each of the trade-people. Before he could put up any sort of a bluff a couple of plain-clothes men had the strings on him and were leading to you; and my t'oughts was a-whirlin' t'roo him into quod. Here it was I interfered. 'You my nut faster'n a wind-gauge in a cyclone, seem to be recognized as a friend of my relatives, the Davenants, young man, 'says I; 'perhaps you will be so good as to tell me where I may find them?' 'Davenants, nothing,' he growled back; 'that's Gentleman George Ringgold and the governess he picked up lately, and they've played me for a sucker, and be hanged to them!" "Good!" eried Abe Cronkite.

"I don't quite see the gist of that observaion," remarked Capt. Jack, rather plaintively, "but I haven't got juice enough left in me to pick it up. For, after they had taken the redosed man away, and I had managed to break through the crowd of creditors who seemed to think they had some sort of a lien on me, and had got over into the nearest quiet joint to take account of stock, when I opened my package, which looked just the same on the outside, bless your eternal buttons if there was anything in it but strips of blank papers with a brand-new one-deliar bill on the top and on the bottom!

Buncoed was no name for it; I had been hooked winder when I came in, a-lookin' up at the flap in the sand! That's what comes from warm, get those bumps filed down, so I will, if it throws all my old hats on the market! And now I can stand sending me by freight for the sake | but if I did, I'd keep every mement full o 'most sure that I did have a brother Ben once git what she might have in charge.

upon a time." Abe Cronkite examined with care the bogus regulation plant that green goods men give to exceptions to, Mr. Jollings. Was that rednosed, stoop-shouldered man mad when they took him away?'

"He was frothing at the mouth," answered Capt. Jack.

"Then don't you see that if he feels his former they worked on you, and leaving him to bear the brunt of all their chicaneries up in Harlem, he will not only consider himself absolved from all allegiance to them but will be anxious to have his revenge? I know the gang well, Gentleman George and the poor woman with him, and this man Smithers, who is the best of the three. He is too square in his peculiar way o do anything to bring the other two to justice, but it will quite accord with his notions of right and wrong for him to beat them out of their purpose in the whole flash mob. And so, Judge Marcellus, if you will use your influence to have of our misfortune and thus put them in the William Smithers arrested this morning up in Harlem for fraud and false pretence, released either on bail or absolutely by settling the claims against him. I think he will relieve the Captain here from any necessity of returning

to camp either via ties or freight." Within the hour, Smithers, still frothing at the mouth, was turned over by a discriminating magistrate to the friendly custody of Abe Cronkite, who, after adroitly stimulating the smart of ingratitude, explained to him what he was expected to do.

"I'll go yer," exclaimed Smithers, "for it's no more'n right after bein' throwed down in sech fashion. You see, Gentleman George got next me that saide package, will you, and meet me to-morrow night at the Gargovle. It may come

The following evening, then, Abe Cronkite, to be sure, but, to use his own expression, By and by the car gave a jolt and the still in the ring, sat at a table in a remote corner noiselessly over to them. "I did; he is done!" said William Smithers

out of his left sleeve.

"You're a corker, a jim dandy a thorough-

on the Captain here. 'Where'd you git that? he ast, flercely. 'On the sidewalk in front of the flat up in Harlem,' says I, 'arter the funeral was over. It must have been swep out with the rest of your traps.' He looked kinder foolish and went into the closet, where I cud hear him dumpin' somethin' out on the flure, and then layin' it up on the shelf; and out he comes with an empty satchel. 'Stow it in there,' he said, 'and let us aller along And out we went, me carryin' the bag with the bogus wad in it and him a-stoppin' to shake his fist at the woman in token that she must guard what he had left behind.

"I knowed very well what it was, Abe, this identical package, which I jest turned over a-figgerin' how best I cud t'row him over and git back to the room and change the package in the bag for the one on the shelf in the closet They looked jest alike, you must remember Well, we struck over to the Sixt' avenoo ele vator, Gentleman George ahead, impat'ent as he allus is, and me followin' arter. on, slowpoke,' he yelled to me, as he worked off a lead quarter on the ticket agent, and was on the train the moment it stopped. Some-how my feet are apt to get tangled if I hurries, gents, and this time I hurried awful hard. Fust I tripped over one and then I tripped over the udder and then I tripped over bot, and landed plum on me face, jest as the guard slammed the gate and pulled the string and let her go. I'll take the next one,' I yelled to George, who was calling me all kinds of wild asses from the platform; and as the train scooted away scooted down and over to the lodgin's agin!

and landed and skinned alive and then left to sky. There was a kind o' rap' expressur to her face, as if she, too had been thinking natural feelings, gents, and love of kin! I'll hard but to no puppose. Women of eddica tun who go wrong git them spells of thinkin and when they do they ain't any more reliabl suppose there's nothing for me to do but to than if full of dope. I never did cotton to take the ties back to the diggings, unless you one of that sort yet, and I don't intend to of what might have been. Very likely I've | occupation or amusement, and not leave her ally got myself to thank for it; but I was alone to brood and see things and clean for-

"The key is missun: it must have fell out on the closet flure,' I said as I hurrled by her. package which Capt. Jack had ruefully pro- She hardly heeded me, for the excuse was a duced. "I thought so," he said. "This is the good one, it bein' part of the game allus to have the satchel locked, but stood still lookin' at come-ons instead of the queer they expect. the sky, while in two movements I had substi-You say it has the same cover and string and looks just like the other? Good, again; we'll it all right,' says I, comin' out, a turnin' the fix it up just as it was, and it may come in handy. key I had had all along in the lock. She gave And now to explain that first 'good!' you took | a startled look as if everything might not be square, but when she seen the package up or the shelf, jest where Ringgold had left it, and the package in the satchel, which I opened a bit, she turned agin to her readun of the sky. And all the while I was hurryin' away to git under cover I kep' wonderin' what i oals betrayed him, cutting him out from the Job | was she t'ought she saw up there, and whether Gentleman George would deliver that blow he t'reatened, when he came hum, all nervous and mixed up and found --- "

Here a slender, dark-faced young man, with shifty eyes, who was passing, stopped short and emitted a peculiar hist. "What's up, Jack?" said Smithers; "we all fr'en's here." "Oh, nothin' much," replied the other, "unly George Ringgold knifed his woman this arternoon, and the cops jest nabbed him. Nothin' much, unly the chair sure:" and tapping his booty; and I don't know a slicker man for the hat, by way of salutation, he went on his way. "Gord A'mighty, Abe," cried Smithers, turning a dingy gray, "I can't appear agin

him: I must git away: it ain't my graft to peach Let me have what's comin'-Here Capt. Jack Joilings laid a heavy hand on the frightened man's shoulder. "Brace up, pardner," he said; "you're all right and no mistake. Jest lay low for a few days, until I can get my matters fixed, and I'll take you across the water with me in bang-up style. "I'd like to," replied poor Smithers, "but-

pile, sure. My natur' wud be too strong for my dispositun, however favorable." "But you will be his bodyguard, Smithers." argued Abe Cronkite, kindly, "protecting him from the sharks, steering him away from the Chicago, but he looked so dead easy and rich | false swells on the Continent. Such a rethat he must have made up his mind to hog it, sponsibility would occupy your wits and keep

but-it wudn't do. I'd queer you out of your

And Smithers, thinking of the schemes he might frustrate and the games he might expose, smiled feebly and said he thought it would-

## PRIVATE BURNS'S RISK.

Deed as Daring as Funston's by a Young Soldier in the Civil War. From the Indianapolis News.

When the newspaper correspondents in the Philippines wrote the story of Col. Funston swimming a river in the face of a hot fire from the Filipinos the whole world admired his bravery, and a grateful Government made him a General There is a man in South Bend, Ind. who, when but a lad, performed a more dangerous feat and showed greater bravery than Funston did, who does not talk about it, and went unrewarded in proportion to Senator A. M. Burns, who represents St. Joseph

county in the Legislature. When the Civil War broke out Mr. Burns was a bit of a lad, 14 years old, living in a little town in Wisconsin. On the call for volunteers he applied to the nearest recruiting station, but the officer in charge laughed at him and told him to go back home and grow some. But this did not discourage him, and he applied to influential

the bulge of my package of papers against of his fambly, like many anudder 'ristocrat.

my breast and I knew that I still had so much to "Tve got the bogus roll, all right," home when there was no more fighting to do.

# DOOD DOYLE'S REFORMING.

BEGAN WHEN MUSIC, SUCH AS HE NEVER HEARD, TORTURED HIM. His Soul Was Heavy—Once He Had Struck His Mother-Now He Was a Fugitive, Having Felled a Man in a Saloon With Results That

Were Pronounced Fatal-His Homecoming. Dood Doyle came into his mother's kitchen that night with his face white and his eyes glassy. She looked up from the stove where she was frying something for the supper, but there was a look in his face that kept back her reproach. He wasn't drunk, at any rate, and so she was thankful When Dood was sober there was no better boy, she used to say to Mrs. Hofstetter on the next floor, and he brought her his wages every Saturday night, just as his father used to do before him, God rest his soul! But when Dood was drunk—things happened.

She never told the half, though, except to the lashing around in a fury and the night all about priest, who had known the boy's father, and he him and he was going down and it was his was his father over again. The peaceable nineteen-year-old boy became a demon, a wild might mean that some one was laughing and fury whom it was as dangerous to approach as would not give him a hand. a wild beast unchained. Only once Dood had struck her. That was the last time, and she had never heard anything like it before. And had told the priest and he had talked with Dood | the people sat there listening as though it for an hour in his own parlor, where the boy had was music. The waiter brought the beer been summoned. He had tried to explain to Dood gave him five cents, but he pointed to him the horrors of an inherited vice. He had a check. It said 10 cents. Dood gave him told the young man of his father's sinning, and the other five inwardly protesting. urged him for the sake of the gray-baired old mother who had borne so much from her hus-band to break from the deadly stuff that had caused him to commit this last unpardonable act and had nearly broken his mother's heart. Dood had promised, and had gone home and

been forgiven by his mother, for mothers will forgive always until the end of the world. It would be better, perhaps, if they were not so ready to forgive, but it is never the man sinner that the mother sees pleading for a pardon: it is the baby whose head lay upon her breast, helpless and innocent.

After that Dood had kept straight for over a month and his mother was growing appre-hensive. Every night at 7 she heard his step on the stairs, and with a cheerful heart set about getting the supper that both sat down to on the oil cloth covered table. They spoke little. Dood read silently from the evening paper and when the prize fighter's pictures were bigger than usual she hazarded some remark to which the hoy replied shortly. There s not much etiquette lost on mothers in tenements. Secretly, however, this tendency of his mother's amused Dood. Mrs. Doyle kept abreast of the sporting news although society, politics and foreign wars went by without notice. But Dinny-she always thought of him as Dinny-read the sporting news, and when he left the paper behind him she picked up the sheet, put on her spectacles and plodded through tales of ring carnage and talk.

To-night he was very late. It went on to o'clock, and her hands trembled and she prayed. For she thought of that other night, and the blow still lingered with her and made her fear him. Whenever he was late to supper it meant only one thing. So when she heard his step outside the door, not heavy, fakering and uncertain, but light and sure, her heart beat free again. Then she looked at him sideways, and her prayers of pleading turned to pmans of joy. For he was sober.

But there was something wrong and she wondered. He strode into the bedroom and she heard him hurriedly open the trunk. He had not spoken a word nor had she. She listened. The tea boiled over on the stove and she pushed back the pot and took the meat out of the pan. He came back into the room looking about furtively. She put the supper on the table and set the chair for him. But he kept his hat on and looked at her strangely. She did not know why. But just then as he looked at her in the homely soiled wrapper she were with the odor of the fried meat and the boiled tea in the air; he was experiencing an odd sensation of the happiness of the home that she had made for him and had kept for him after his father's death until he was able to go to work.

She saw that he was going out and she turned and looked at the supper on the table-the to that tenderfoot t'roo a straight tip from long con and the English push and all the supper that he liked best-and then she looked again at him with a speechless appeal in her eyes-a look that Duse might give in a play, or, yet rich with a mother love, and the prayer that he would not break wonderful. It was like a panorama passing his word again. He went out and she listened | before the boy's eyes. It was great to be to hear him go down the stairs, but there was soldier! a brave soldier! What was it the priest no sound. Then she stepped out on the land- said? A brave man could never be a drunkard ing and saw that he had gone up the ladder and out upon the roof.

and he cursed himself as he walked over the roofs to a certain house, where he dropped they were, too! Bad company-so the priest through the scuttle and went down the stairs, called them. They'd see no more of him-Then he peered up and down the street and | no by-he brought his clenched fist down upon hurried along in the darkness. He feared that the table and the glass tumbled and spilled the police were after him.

That evening coming home from work he had broken his word. With a crowd of men from the factory, almost without a thought, he had gone in a saloon. He refused the prof-fered drink, but it was set before him, and it to get upon his fect and wave his hat in the was only when he had swallowed it and felt | air. what his deed deserved. The man is State | the fire in his veins that he realized what he had done. It was all confused and blurred people did cheer. They clapped their hands in his head now, but he recollected having and pounded their sticks and umbrellas and had a feeling of resentment against the man shouted. The man with the baton was bowwho had ordered the drink. There was some ing. Dood was coming back to earth. The talk about another. Dood refused it and moved | people began to leave the hall. Dood turned toward the door. A man taunted him with and looked into the eyes of a policeman. The an epithet, and in another moment the men sickening horror of reality gripped him again. faced each other. Returning a blow which He heard the officer speak to a young man he received in the face, he sent his opponent | passing. to the floor. The man's head struck a marble projection on the counter as he went down, Isit too late?" and he lay there like a log.

The men in the place gathered about the fallen man and dashed water in his face, but he did not even breathe. There were excited cries and they took one of them to the morgue for police, quickly hushed as one man tore open and he come to there. True? True as yer the shirt of the prostrate man and placed his there! Clancy's saloon in Varick street. Seven ear to his chest. "The man's dead," Dood o'clock to-night. They got in a row over a heard him say. He saw them force some drink. The fellow that did it get away. Mulbrandy between the man's teeth. He won- lane-that's the dead man's name come to on dered why they didn't secure him, but no one a slab and asked for a drink. What do you seemed to notice him. Every one was paralyzed with horror. One man gave Dood a push toward a side door opening into the street and nodded his head slightly in its direction. The boy passed out. There was no crowd here although one had begun to gather at the other entrance. He walked on horrified, dazed, with but one idea only impressed upon him.

He was a murderer. Unconsciously and in a roundabout way his steps led him to his home. Now, after his visit there and his exit over the roofs, he slunk along in the darkness wondering how long he would be free. An open horse car lumbered along and he stepped on and sat far from the light. He was sobered by his crime, but flerce longing for more drink burned in his brain, bred by the one he had taken. He still hated the man who had had it placed before him. Now and then, as the car rattled on, he saw policemen standing idly and he wondered why they did not notice him. Soon he would in his kitchen. be taken and put in a cell. He wondered if they would take him to the Tombs or to a sta-

slums into a better part of the city. The boy heard two women and a man opposite talking about a concert somewhere. They said it was all about. Soon the car stopped with a jar and the driver brought his horses around to the other end. Dood wished it would go on forever, But every one got off and moved up the street to a brilliantly lit doorway. Two men in evening dress came out and one of them, as he passed by Dood, gave him two return coupons. The boy held them a minute and then went in with the others.

It was a great hall with a gallery running around and electrical lights in arches across the roof. There were tables at which men and women sat oddly unlike those that Dood ever sat near. Not that they seemed very rich or brilliantly dressed, but they were quiet, earnest and low-voiced. There was little laughter. Glasses were about on the table with straws through which people sipped.

A waiter asked Dood to please take off his heard two women and a man opposite talking

hat. He did so awed and trembling by his surroundings. He turned to the waiter and asked him to bring a glass of beer.

On a raised stand he saw a lot of men in black coats each holding a musical instrument. One stood before them with an upraised baton was something like the band that played Abingdon Square, Dood thought. He wondered if they would play a good coon song

He liked ragtime.

There was an odd, low uncanny sound from the violins. It might be a cry from a drown ing person or the wall of a lost soul. It was so weird and sad. Dood didn't understand t at all, but he knew he didn't like it. It made him shiver. How could the people listen like that! Now the cellos began to throb like hearts, sorrowful, suffering, beating. Slowe and slower they became and there were sudden gusts and shricks that came in through it all. What a horrible thing it was, the bo thought. And he began to see the waves own heart throbbing that way and the shrieks.

It was cruel, all this torture of sound. He seemed like some sort of a hell that he had wandered into. Now there was a wild swirling of sound like

forest where a wind stirred the trees and sent be leaves scurrying. And to Dood it seemed cold and the air was clear as though it were on mountain. Far up in the sky there were stars, pale, still stars that did not sparkle much. Still it was pleasanter here. He could draw deep breaths. And it changed as the music swelled and he was in a church. Yes, that was certainly church music. There was the organ, im, deep, low, thunderous. Dood could see the altar now just as it was at Saint Aloysius's with the picture of the crucifixion above and the odor of the incense going up in smoke. And then he thought of what the priest had tried to make him understand when he wanted him to take the pledge. What a queer idea that was, that a man could leave to his own son, curse like drink that would madden him and infuriate him and make him raise his hand to his mother? The music was very low and still now almost like a requiem and Dood could feel tears trickling down his face. They were hot on his cold cheeks when he felt for them stealthly with his fingers.

His mother. A strange tenderness that he and never felt before held him like a vice. He thought of her as she turned and look ed at him that night. And he had struck her! Of ourse it had really happened, yet it seemed like a dream. This was the enormous crime to him now. He had forgotten the more awful ne as though it had never been.

The music sank from its mighty chords into comething gentle and sweet. It was almost as though some one were praying. Long ago his mother taught him a prayer. Yes-it was that very prayer he heard now in the music. He wondered if they all heard it? It was just as plain! "Pray for us, oh holy mother, that we may be made worthy the promise---

Now it was a song-a song that seemed to have no tune-rather a croon like the song his mother used to sing when he was little. Would she be happier, he thought, if he were to go to her and kneel beside her chair with his head on her knees as he used when he was a boy and tell her that he would never drink again? He could fancy how she would put her hands on his shoulders and look into her eyes and tell him that he would he a fine man like his father. She worked so hard! And he was getting

along so well at the factory now that if he worked extra time he could bring her more money on Saturdays And that always pleased her. And he might get to be foreman some day. Then they could move into the country. She was crazy for the country. It would be a place like the band was playing about now with trees and birds and flowers. She had

two geraniums home now. There was a pause. Surely those drums. Soldiers were marching to battle. You could see the fings and the sun shining on the helmets and hear the fifes. It was -only a coward, and only a coward would strike a woman! That was it. It was all Dood was in trouble—the trouble of his life— true. He'd show people if he was a coward. Why, he could lick any of them! Poor sort its contents over the floor.

> The music was ringing now. Those were the cheers of victory he heard above the marching and the drums. They were marching

It ended with a deafening crash. Now the

"Mr. Hackett, I have a good story for you.

"No, I can telephone it if it's any good. What

"Two toughs had a fight at Clancy's saloon

a slab and asked for a drink. What do you think of that?"

Dood passed into the open air. It wasn't the music now that made him so happy for the concert was over and the people were going home. But he heard it all around him. Home. He was going home too.

He climbed the stairs, opened the door gently and went in. She sat there, her head fallen forward over her hands that held a rosary Under her spectacles her eyes were closed. Dood knelt softly at her feet.

"Mother?" he said. "Mother?"

But she did not answer him. The spirit that had been with him as he fought his battle was marching with the triumphant hosts.

#### THE COP AND THE HORNETS. He Killed Some of Them, but When He Was Done He Couldn't Get His Helmet On.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean. DENVER, Sept. 18.—Police Officer Charles Eacock sent his wife and mother-in-law to the mountains last week. Eacock thought it would be a good time to destroy a nest of hornets

He poured some coal oil upon a broom and lit the oil with a match. Then he jammed the burning broom against the nest and held it there, all the time holding a towel over his head. When he thought the nest was destroyed he pulled the towel from his head, only to discover

TAKE PLEASURE IN THEIR GRAVES. Quaint Preparations for Death by People is

Eastern Pennsylvania. READING, Pa., Sept. 22.-Samuel Reinert, who is digging his own grave in the Union Church Cemetery near Shoemakersville, is only one of many people about here who are making similar preparations for death Reinert made up his rind to superintend his future earthly home, so he lined out his grave with granite slabs and arranged the bottom just as he wanted it. He wants the flooring well drained and secure, then concreted and

then laid with a stone slab. In a nearby cemetery are twin marble tombstones. On one is an inscription showing the death of a farmer's wife. On the other is simply the name of the woman's husband. He is still alive and in good health. When he dies he will be buried there, and the tombstone maker will cut out the date of his death and his age. In life the farmer has the satisfaction of seeing exactly how his grave will be marked.

In another nearby cemetery there are three twin stones, for husbands and wives, where the husbands are dead and the widows living. A widow with her gravestone in place at the churchyard has never been known to marry a second time. Twin gravestones therefore seem to have the effect of keeping widows in their weeds and of making them content to live without marrying again. Some time ago a country gravestone cutter was asked by a friend what he would charge to remove a twin gravestone and what he would allow the widow for the marble. He peremptorily refused to have anything to do with such a job, and told his visitor to tell the widow to get married if she wished to, and that when she died he would see that she was buried by the side of her first husband. The widow remained unmarried. The gravestone cutter said that to remove such a stone would mean the worst luck for him as long as he lived.

In some neighborhoods, where the surviving husband or wife does not put up a twin stone, it is taken for granted that he or she will soon be in the fleid for a second marriage. Where a widower puts up a twin stone the marriageable women folks don't bother him. It is taken for granted that he will never marry again. It is the same with a widow, she is expected to remain a widow. seem to have the effect of keeping widows in

It is the same with a widow, she is expected to remain a widow. Plenty of men in Eastern Pennsylvania have

Henty of men in Eastern Pennsylvania have their graves dug and wailed up all ready for occupancy. They visit their graves once a week and take good care of the turf and the flowers. They have the satisfaction of knowing that when death does come the burial lot won't be disfigured by earth thrown on the grass, from the newly dug grave. The earth to till these ready made graves is brought in wagons. Some tren want such earth brought

better shape that ever he is expected to breat over in which her grandmother balked the says she knows it is only a notion, but she wants it that way.

An old sexton of Lehigh county has charged the young minister of the church with one sacred duty, as he calls it. The preacher must see to it personally that he is buried without a coffin, lie wants his body wrapped in a sheet and lowered into a grave eight feet deep and then lowered lowered lower part of Berks county a hermit in the oley hills owns a fargaway corner in an obscure cemetery, where he wishes to be buried entirely separated from the gravestone is to be inscribed "Here less apobody." An aged church organist died last year. His last request was that he should be buried on a hill in a certain cemetery and that an acollan harp should be erected over his grave due on a hill in a certain cemetery and that an acollan harp should be erected over his grave due on a hill in a certain cemetery and the grave eight feet long and two feet wide, a sort of crypt. At his deep lower eight lower eight lower eight lower

A Young Dentist's Natural Mistake Leads to Hard Feelings. From the Chicago Record. The young dentist had a caller. She was a stylish young woman, and towed by a stout

OUT OF THE WRONG MOUTH.

chain the ugliest of ugly buildogs. "Poor Jim," she said, soothingly, "you must

The young dentist gazed at the brute and

"This way, miss," he said.
"Just a minute! Is there a mirror in the building? My hair is wild from the wind."
"You will find one at the end of the hallway, While she stood before the mirror he surveyed

While she stood before the marror he surveyed Jim.

"I'm not in the habit of extracting dog feeth," he soliloquized, "but I suppose I can do the tob. It would be a good idea to start in now, If she stands near I may get the least bit nervous and the chances are in favor of the dog making trouble for some one."

He though the knew the bad tooth.

"Come here, pup," he said, trying to get around the dog. Then he reached for the forceps and got a good grip on his patient. When Jim opened his mouth the steel closed down on the supposed bad molar. Man and dog struggled, and man was the victor. The tooth came out. Just then the young woman reëntered. It was an exciting seens. Gore.

dog struggled, and man was the victor. The tooth came out. Just then the young woman reëntered. It was an exciting scene. Gore, deep crimson gore, was everywhere. The young dentist was in a corner warding off the victous attacks with a chair.

"What does this mean?" she gasped.

"I got it out, miss."

"Got what out?"

"The brute's tooth; but it was a hard job."

"Do you mean to say that you extracted one of dim's teeth?"

"Certainly. Isn't that what you brought him up here for? I found the bad tooth without any trouble."

t he has no bad teeth."

sir; I came in to have one of my own teeth extracted."
"But I heard you say the dog was suffering."
"From fleas."

## VARIOUS SOURCES OF IVORY. Information Brought Out by Inquiries Made by Customs Officials.

From the Baltimore Sun WASHINGTON, Sept. 13.—The Board of General Appraisers has recently been wrestling with the problem of where ivory left off and one began It seems, from the evidence taken before the

It seems, from the evidence taken before the board, that when one sells hippopotani teeth, walruses' tusks and other large tusks or teeth they are ivory, but when one imports them or wishes to purchase them they are simply bone. The case in question was one where Morgan they been as teen & Goldsmith of New York had imported seme umbrella handles made of the teeth of the hippopotamus. The appraiser entered them as "manufactures of ivory" and dutable at 35 per cent, ad valorem. The importers set up the claim that they were made of bone, not ivory, and were dutable at 30 per cent ad valorem. Witnesses were sworn and testingony taken on both sides, and the board reports its inability to find that any definite, distinct and general trade understanding exists upon this class of merchandise. Elephant ivory appears to be of a finer texture than they ivory from the hippopotamus or the walrus, but it is classed as elephant ivory simply because it is any more "ivory" than the other.

Quotations in vory, it is said, disclose a vast variety of ivory. For instance, there are the Zauzbar and East Indian teeth, the Mozambinues, abv-smida and soft Lisbon teeth. West African teeth, East Indian turned curves, sea horse teeth walrus teeth ani whale teeth. After dealing with the distinctions between the various kin so if teeth which are commercially valuable as ivory, the board says that while some ucales insist on elephants' tusks, when they want ivory, others are willing to take the teeth of hippopotami, and the latter and products from hippopotami, and the latter and products f board, that when one sells hippopotami teeth,

of teeth which are commercially valuable as very, the board says that, while some dealers insist on elephants' tusks, when they want ivory, others are willing to take the teeth of hippopotami, and the latter and products from them sell in the markets as ivory. The price differs from that of elephants' ivory simply because of the difference in size and quality. It is therefore held that the umbrella handles in question are of ivory and that the tusks and teeth of elephants, hippopotami, walrus and mastodons are dutiable alike as ivory and not as bone or horn. The decision of the Collector was therefore, sustained.

#### SPORT: INTERSCHOLASTIC

YOUNG KICKERS GETTING DOWN TO HARD WORK.

A League Among Classes of the Public Schools a Possibility-Dwight Boys Are Training at

University Heights-Do La Salle Institute Football Players Are Formidable, From present indications the interscholastic ootball season will be fully as exciting as in any previous year. The teams will be more

evenly matched, and in several of the school,

the new boys on hand are more promising than some that made the team last year. It was announced last week that the football grounds in Central Park would be thrown open to the public this week or the first week in October. At present the fields are utilized by cricket and tennis players. Van Cortlandt Park will also have space set aside for the an bitious kickers.

The suggestion which has appeared in The Sun from time to time on the feasibility of having a football league representing the va rious classes in the public schools of this cit has evidently borne fruit. THE SUN reports learned that several principals of the schools are in favor of the idea. They are inclined to think, however, that the venture will not be a success unless the various teams ket togethe and pledge discipline. Without this, failure is sure to result, as rough playing or rowdy would invite disapproval from the Board of Education. Classes in the various schools are already gathering their candidates, and will muster for practice next week

Dwight School will probably have one of the best elevens in the history of feetball at the school. With the exception of two players the team will be the same that made such a gallant fight for the championship last year. P. M. Seixas, who was physical director and coach at Trinity School last season, has charge at Dwight School this year, and he says that practice must be strictly attended to or places will be at once filled by new material. Practice is being done at University Heights and the work thus far has been satisfactory. In an Interview with Seixas on Wednesday morning

interview with Seixas on Wednesday incl., he said:

"I am more than satisfied with the material. It comprises the best obtainable at the school, and all the boys have a fair knowledge of the game. Athletics will be greatly fostered this year and we expect to be strongly represented on the track. The Klous brothers will be at the school this year. They are hurdlers of he mean ability and are looked upon to make a creditable showing. Patterson, the changion mile runner, will also be back and as he is in pact to till these ready made graves is brought in wagons. Some men want such earth brought from a particular spot near their home.

Elderly women also have their graves prepared in advance in accordance with their ideas. One old lady has her grave walled up with stones taken from an ancient bake-oven in which her grandmother baked the best custards she ever ate in her life. She says she knows it is only a notion, but she wants it that way.

left and right haif back respectively, and Capt. Blackburne will be found in his old place at full back.

All of last year's team will be back at Columbia Grammar School. Capt. Herche is busy getting the boys together and is confident that the eleven when put upon the gridiron will be equal to any in the Interscholastic Atheletic Association. Flammer, the weight thrower, will be back and will again play centre, while the Strange brothers will occupy their old positions behind the line, Bullwinkle has taken on considerable weight and will make a strong guard. Herche will play full back and the feature of his play will be trying goals from the field.

The first practice of the Kyles School football team took place at Union Field, West Chester, last Tuesday, when about twenty candidates put in an appearance. These spent their time in punting, passing and falling on the ball. Then eleven of the boys lined up against the scrubs, and while the play lasted it was fast and generally good. Capt. McMahon and Manager Wood have taken the boys in hand and with the assistance of their coach, Fairbanks, will endeavor to turn out a winning team. Fairbanks will be with the team every day now for two or three weeks. Some of last year's boys who got into uniform were: Petitit, and Jones, ends; Capt. McMahon, left half back. Woodruff, centre; Paterson, full back. Houston, right guard. Two of the most promising candidates for the team are Wisekoff and Conger.

The Berkeley School team is showing up well in practice at the Berkeley Oval, and the boys are now playing well together. The right end is still a little weak, but Roone, who lated the position, is expected to round into condition before the opening of the season. Capt. Maybury will play quarter back. The team is being coached by Mr. Smith of Wesleyan College.

Barnard School's football team, although

into condition before the opening of the season. Capt. Maybury will play quarter back. The team is being coached by Mr. Smith of Wesleyan College.

Barnard School's football team, although not expected to win the championship, is going to make a strong fight for the honors. Under the directions of Coach Wenck the candidates have been hard at work on the school grounds. Fort Lee, and the youngsters are rapidly getting into form. Arrangements are being made for a set of indoor games to be held in the near future. It was said at the school last week that W. S. Hipple, the interscholastic champion record holder, would assist in coaching the track team.

that W. S. Hippis, the interscholastic champion record holder, would assist in coaching the track team.

The team that will represent Normal High School cannot be classed with the team that played such a strong game last year. All but one of that feam. Easen, who is the present one of that feam. Easen, who is the present captain, have been graduated. The loss of Metz, Keller, Martin and Abbey has crippled the team. The team is well organized and consists of an earnest lot of players who have their reputations yet to make. The team is rather light. Easen played at tackle on the team last year, but is now trying his hand at right half eack. He is playing a strong game and making by been to the team last year, but it now trying his hand at right half eack. He is playing a strong game and making by the property of the seperience tell. He is well will and weighs 150 pounds.

Simms at left half is a much lighter boy, but very quick. He dodges and follows the ball well. Smith at full back is an excellent player. He is a sure tackle, good in defensive plays and hits the line with telling effect. Wagner or Thompson will play quarter back. Hoth weigh under 125 pounds, but their tackling is sure and they are very effective in interference. The ends will be taken care of by Hasleton and Chapman, two new boys at the game. The latter yeighs 135 pounds, while the former tire the scale at 110. The two put up a good game and tackle well.

The tackles are Lockhard and Moore. They weigh too and 130 pounds, respectively. Beath understand the game, and are developing into good players. McLean and Newton are the guards. The former weighs 175 pounds and is a strong man in his position, helding his capnent well. Newton weighs 145 pounds. His game is not very strong as vet. Hewiti is ils centre. He is the heaviest man on the team, weighing 100 pounds. For a new hand at the game he has shown up well.

they should have suffered more than any off class. The reports of the English Parl mentary Committee on Bankruptcy placed I number of failures in the building trade at a while the number of unfortunate gracers wonly eight less. These two classes had revictims by a large majority than any other winds and spirit dealers, metal dealers workers in the leather trade were the occupations that suffered most numerously after two chief classes in which bankruptcy we necessary. Farmers, butchers and bakers on through comparatively well as the failures these occupations amounted to cally a limited than 200. The tailors had small liability. The builders were not only the roost numer class, but their liabilities amounted to \$3.50. The builders were not only the roost hube? class, but their liabilities amounted to \$25.000. After them came the liquor dealers with \$3,300,000 and the thirty-nine solicitors with failed had an average of about \$80,000 a matter which was a worse showing than any of the collings offered.